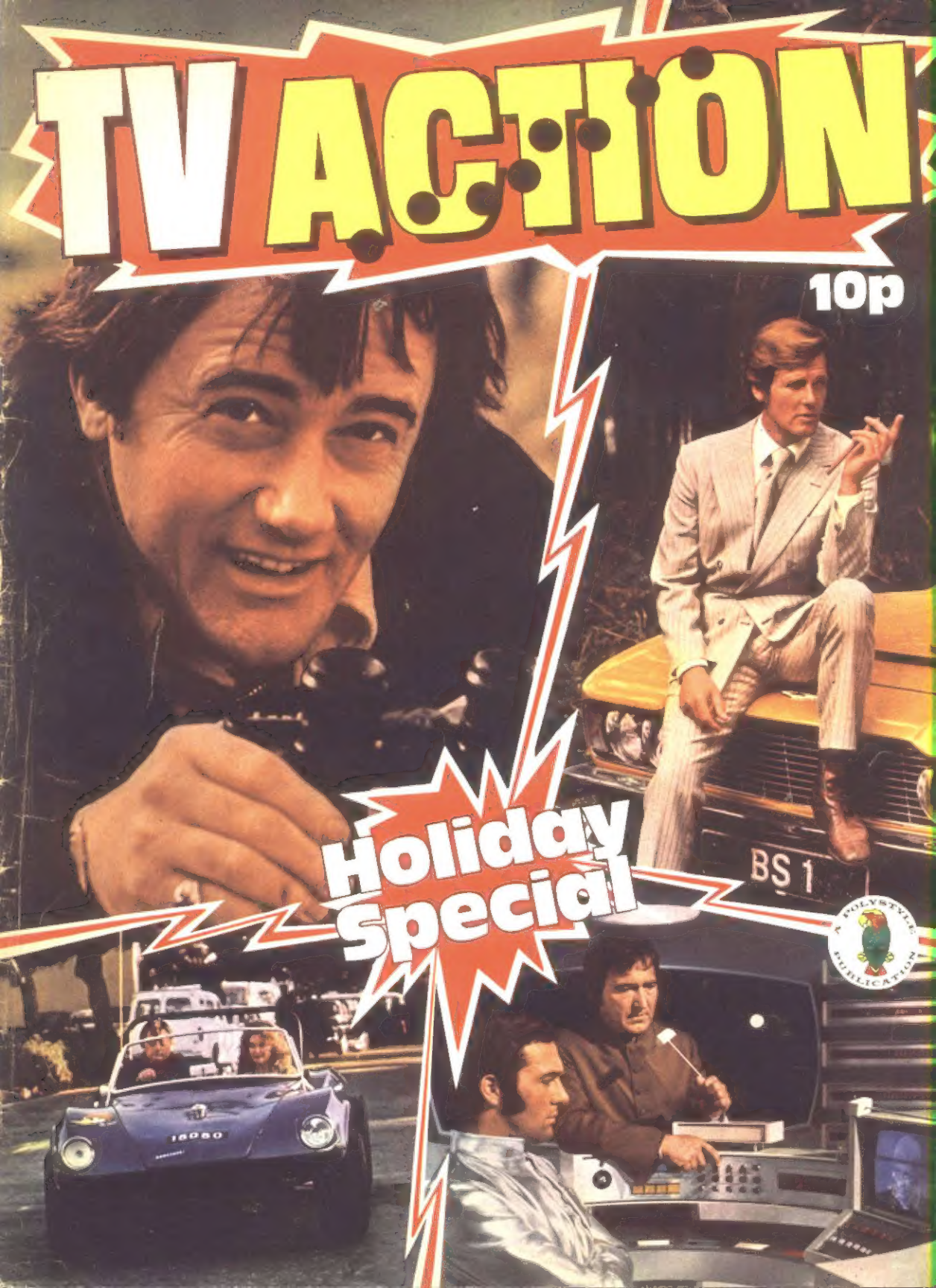
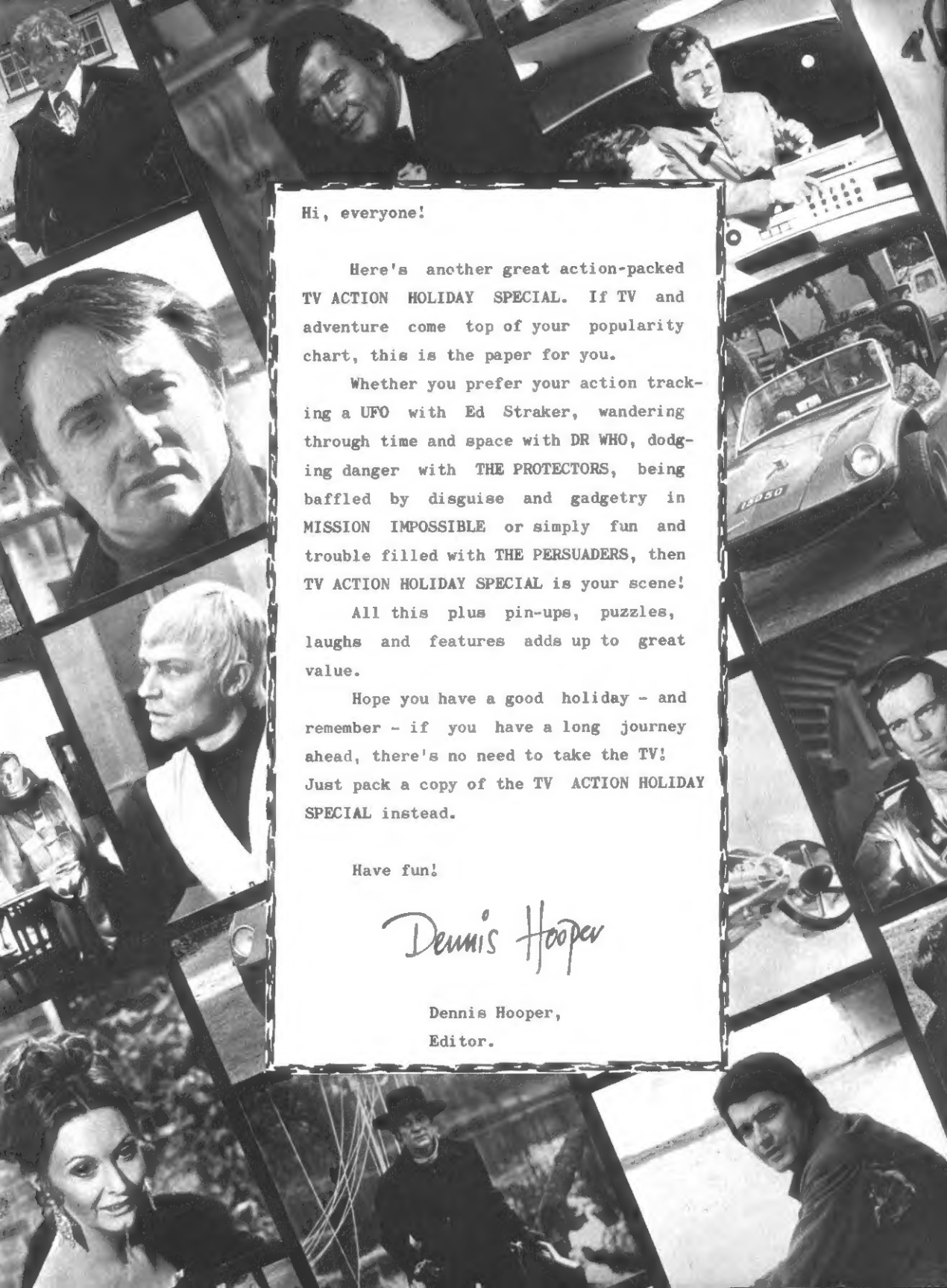
TV ACTION

10p



Holiday Special

POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION



Hi, everyone!

Here's another great action-packed TV ACTION HOLIDAY SPECIAL. If TV and adventure come top of your popularity chart, this is the paper for you.

Whether you prefer your action tracking a UFO with Ed Straker, wandering through time and space with DR WHO, dodging danger with THE PROTECTORS, being baffled by disguise and gadgetry in MISSION IMPOSSIBLE or simply fun and trouble filled with THE PERSUADERS, then TV ACTION HOLIDAY SPECIAL is your scene!

All this plus pin-ups, puzzles, laughs and features adds up to great value.

Hope you have a good holiday - and remember - if you have a long journey ahead, there's no need to take the TV! Just pack a copy of the TV ACTION HOLIDAY SPECIAL instead.

Have fun!

Dennis Hooper

Dennis Hooper,
Editor.

Can You Spot the Differences?

Here are two identical pictures of TV Action's editor, Dennis Hooper, talking to Jon Pertwee during the filming of Doctor Who. But are they identical? Our artist has made eight alterations. See if you can find them.

ANSWERS:

1 Angel has flown away. 2 Editor's jacket gains a pocket. 3 Road Tax Disc has gone. 4 Extra spoke on rear wheel. 5 Dr Who has lost his cravat. 6 Man on far right has found a hand. 7 We can now sound the horn. 8 Branch has fallen off tree.

THE MERCHANTS of DEATH

A MISSION IMPOSSIBLE STORY

THREE DAYS LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.
RIGHT, MILLER. LET'S SEE HOW FAR WE'VE GOT. TAKE IT FROM THE TOP AGAIN.
OKAY, CHIEF— WE'LL HAVE THE SLIDES FIRST.

© 1973 Paramount Pictures Corporation

KNOWN FACTS — THIS SCANIA, DESTINED FOR THE ARMY ORDINANCE DEPOT AT FORT McCLUSKY, FAILED TO ARRIVE LAST TUESDAY MORNING...
APPARENTLY IT VANISHED INTO THIN AIR SOMEWHERE ALONG HIGHWAY SIX, SO WE MUST ASSUME IT WAS HIJACKED — NEXT SLIDE, PLEASE.
IT WAS CARRYING TWO HUNDRED OF THESE BEAUTIES, COMPLETE WITH AMMO — THE NEW BROWNING BLACK WIDOW MACHINE-GUN!
IT FIRES THIS 9mm MAGNUM SHELL THAT HAS THE STOPPING POWER OF A ROGUE BULL-DOZER — ON THE WORLD'S ARMS MARKET THOSE GUNS COULD FETCH A MILLION BUCKS!
WHAT PROGRESS HAVE WE MADE IN RECOVERING THEM?
ALL LEADS NEGATIVE, SIR!
NOT QUITE. A PRIVATE-EYE CALLED HARRY TUSTIN HAS CONTACTED SULLIVAN THIS MORNING. RECKONS HE'S ON TO SOMETHING. WOULDN'T GIVE ME ANY MORE, UNTIL HE'S FOLLOWED IT THROUGH, SIR.
THIRTY-SIX HOURS LATER...
IT'S TUSTIN!
KEEP HIM ON AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE HE IS.
MILLER SPEAKING. HARRY — WHAT GIVES?
I GOT THE WHOLE SET UP, MILLER. LISTEN...

BUT OUTSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH...
OKAY, RUBY— SIGN HIM OFF!
AAAAARGH!
HARRY... WHAT'S HAPPENED? ARE YOU STILL THERE?
...WATCH FOR SAYID... SAYID BIN...
GUESS THEY GOT HIM.
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, JIM PHELPS GATHERS THE M.I. TEAM FOR BRIEFING.
... SO WE'RE LOOKING FOR GUN-RUNNERS.
AN OIL-RICH SHEIKH ITCHING TO MAKE A TAKE-OVER BID FOR A NEIGHBOURING STATE!
AND WE'RE PRETTY CERTAIN THAT SHEIKH SAYID BIN QUADDALL IS THEIR No.1 CUSTOMER.
THE LAST THING HE SAID WAS, 'WATCH FOR SAYID'.
HE ARRIVES ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO WASHINGTON NEXT WEEK, TO NEGOTIATE AN OIL CONCESSION WITH OUR GOVERNMENT.
AND SHOP AROUND FOR ILLEGAL GUNS ON THE SIDE, EH?
SO IF WE KEEP TABS ON SAYID, HE'LL LEAD US TO THE MACHINE-GUNS.
NOT QUITE THAT SIMPLE, DANA. THAT OIL CONCESSION IS VITAL - WHATEVER WE DO WE MUSTN'T MESS IT UP.

A WEEK LATER, AT THE MAITLAND GRAND, WASHINGTON DC...
OFF YOU GO, WILLY — MOVE IN WITH THE PRESS BOYS AND GET SOME CLOSE-UPS, EH?
SEE YOU LATER, DOC.
AND IN A NEARBY SIDE STREET.
THAT'S IT, JIM — ALL PHONES IN THE SHEIKH'S SUITE NOW OUT OF ACTION.
GOOD...
TELEPHONE COMPANY ENGINEERING DIVISION
OKAY, BARNEY, YOU CAN MOVE IN NOW.
I'M ON MY WAY.
YES?
TELEPHONE ENGINEERS — YOU HAVE A FAULT ON YOUR LINE, SIR. I'VE COME TO FIX IT!
ALL RIGHT — DO YOUR WORK, BUT DON'T TAKE TOO LONG.
SHOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES.
HURRY — HIS HIGHNESS IS EXPECTING VISITORS!
NEARLY DONE. JUST HAVE TO CHECK IT!
SOON...
TESTING... TESTING... TESTING...
OUTSIDE THE HOTEL...
...TESTING... TESTING...
CONNECT THE LINES AGAIN, PARIS. BARNEY'S DONE HIS JOB.

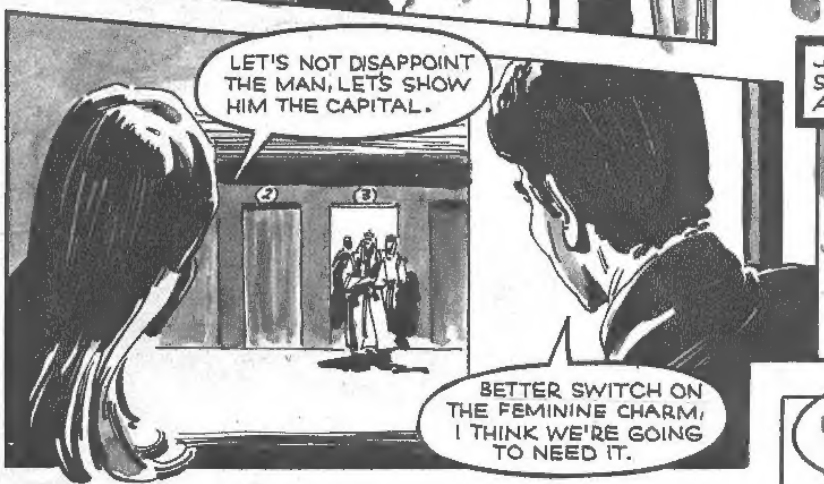
YOUR EFFICIENCY SHOULD NOT GO UNREWARDED.
GEE, THANKS, MISTER.
RELAX, JIM. A MOUSE COULDN'T ENTER THAT SUITE WITHOUT US KNOWING.
HOW'S IT GOING, DANA?
A MAN HAS JUST ENTERED.
WHAT SORT OF GUY?
A NEEDLE-SHARP CHARACTER, COULD BE AN ATTORNEY.
YOU APPRECIATE THAT MY CLIENT WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS UNTIL THE TIME OF THE TRANSACTION.
I DON'T BUY UNTIL I HAVE SEEN THE MERCHANDISE.
OF COURSE, YOUR HIGHNESS. THE PURPOSE OF THIS VISIT IS TO ARRANGE THE MEETING WHEN YOU MAY INSPECT THE-ER... MERCHANDISE...
THAT EVENING...
SO WE KNOW EXACTLY WHERE AND WHEN SAYID IS TO BE COLLECTED.
HERE'S THE PHOTOGRAPHS I TOOK OF HIM YOU WANTED, JIM.
THE FOLLOWING DAY...
I HAVE ADVISED HIS HIGHNESS YOU ARE HERE, SIR — HE WILL BE DOWN SHORTLY.

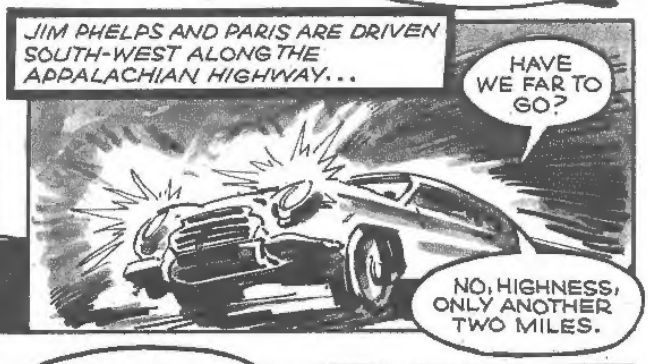
1
2
3
HE'S TAKING NUMBER THREE ELEVATOR, BARNEY.

OKAY, DOC— I'LL HOLD HIM BETWEEN THE FOURTH AND THIRD FLOORS— TELL JIM TO MOVE.

IN A WASH-ROOM ON THE FIFTH FLOOR...
ALL CLEAR TO MOVE...
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, WILLY.
LET'S GO, PARIS.

TWO MINUTES LATER...
THE ATTORNEY DIDN'T SUSPECT A THING.
I HOPE THEY DON'T HANG AROUND. BARNEY'S RELEASED THE ELEVATOR!


LET'S NOT DISAPPOINT THE MAN, LET'S SHOW HIM THE CAPITAL.
BETTER SWITCH ON THE FEMININE CHARM, I THINK WE'RE GOING TO NEED IT.


JIM PHELPS AND PARIS ARE DRIVEN SOUTH-WEST ALONG THE APPALACHIAN HIGHWAY...
HAVE WE FAR TO GO?
NO, HIGHNESS, ONLY ANOTHER TWO MILES.

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...
NOT EXACTLY ELEGANT SURROUNDINGS.
MY CLIENT FINDS IT USEFUL FOR KEEPING OUT PRYING EYES.

AND USEFUL FOR DISPOSING OF A CERTAIN TRUCK, NO DOUBT.
I SEE YOUR HIGHNESS HAS A SENSE OF HUMOUR!

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY CLIENT, MR. JULIAN MILO.
GLAD TO MEET YOU, YA HIGHNESS.
I GUESSED YOU'D WANT TO GET STRAIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS, SO I HAD THIS SAMPLE FIXED UP.
GO RIGHT AHEAD. HAVE FUN! AN' DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE NOISE, THE ROOM IS SOUNDPROOFED.
YOU LIKE IT, HUH?
IT SEEMS VERY EFFECTIVE...
A SUPERB WEAPON, MR. MILO, AND I CAN THINK OF AN EXCELLENT USE FOR IT RIGHT NOW.
HEY— CAREFUL WHERE YOU POINT THAT THING!
LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL, ALL OF YOU!
WHAT THE SAM HILL—?
YOU—YOU AIN'T NO SHEIKH!
VERY BRIGHT, MR. MILO, BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE. ALL RIGHT, PARIS, TIE THEM UP!
WHO THE BLAZES ARE YOU? IF YOU WANT MONEY I'LL PAY YOU GOOD.
NO, NO, MR. MILO, IT'S YOU THAT SHOULD BE COMPENSATED FOR YOUR LITTLE DISAPPOINTMENT!

WE'RE LEAVING YOU THIS LITTLE PRESENT. IT'S ONLY A SIMPLE HOMING DEVICE, BUT IT'S TRANSMITTING A SIGNAL ONTO A POLICE NETWORK.
I THINK I CAN HEAR THEIR SIRENS NOW!
THEN IT'S TIME WE DISAPPEARED.
A FEW DAYS LATER AT DULLES AIRPORT...
WELL, THE OIL CONCESSION'S BEEN SIGNED, AND THERE GOES SAYID, AS HAPPY AS LARRY!
THANK HEAVENS FOR THAT.
WELL, SALAAM ALEIKUM, JULIAN!
DON'T GO YET, LET'S TALK IT OVER!
WE FOUND THIS PLACE THAT PUT ON ONE COWBOY MOVIE AFTER ANOTHER.
YOU MADE A BIG IMPRESSION ON HIM BY THE SOUND OF IT, DANA!
IT WAS EASY ONCE WE FOUND HE WAS A COWBOY FAN.
HE FORGOT HIS GUNS AND BOUGHT THE THEATRE'S ENTIRE STOCK OF FILM.
SO NOW HE CAN SIT IN HIS PALACE WATCHING COWBOY MOVIES INSTEAD OF FIGHTING POINTLESS WARS.
MISSION COMPLETED, TEAM—LET'S CELEBRATE!

I.M.F.'s Tough Team of Saboteurs

Greg Morris, Lesley Warren and Peter Graves form a formidable trio as Barney, Dana and Jim of the Impossible Missions Force. But faces often disguise the true personality. Who'd link Barney's boyish look with a gift for gadgetry—think that clean-cut Jim Phelps could lead a tough team of saboteurs—or guess that Dana can see a mission through with the best of the men? Maybe that's what makes Mission Impossible so popular—the fact that agents can be ordinary looking people . . . with a job to do.

A DOCTOR WHO STORY

The ONE SECOND HOUR

"IT strikes me, Lethbridge-Stewart, that it's high time somebody put this fellow . . . what's his-name? . . . Who, firmly in his place! From what you've told me, he comes and goes as he pleases, conforms to none of our well-established security procedures, completely disregards the need for proper reports to be made of all work . . ."

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, commanding-officer of Unit, shifted uncomfortably in his seat as the rich, rounded voice of Sir Norman Ormsby droned on . . . and on . . . and on. . .

How often, thought Lethbridge-Stewart, have I said exactly the same things to the Doctor? Can I really have sounded as pompous, as self-satisfied, as confoundedly smug as this idiot Ormsby? No wonder the Doctor has never taken the slightest bit of notice!

"Takes no notice!" Lethbridge-Stewart was suddenly made uncomfortably aware that he had spoken the last parts of his thoughts aloud, and that Ormsby was now glaring at him across the desk, his fleshy face flushed red with anger. "If he takes no notice of you, my dear Brigadier, then he must be made to take notice of *me*! I have some experience in handling people of his type. One doesn't spend a lifetime in the Civil Service without running across plenty of these so-called awkward customers."

But never one like the Doctor, thought Lethbridge-Stewart as he followed Ormsby's immaculately-suited figure to the waiting limousine. And don't think your winning ways are going to work on *him*! You can bully or you can beg: the Doctor will simply go on doing what he wants to do in the way he wants to do it. And thank goodness for that: if we'd relied on security procedures, office hours and reports made out in triplicate, then the Master would have run rings around us long ago! And come to think of it, Ormsby reminds me of the Master in one way—they're both crazy for power . . . and neither one of them is fit to be trusted with one iota of it!

Ormsby settled himself comfortably on the wide leather seat and leaned forward to tap on the glass partition that divided him from the uniformed chauffeur at the wheel. "Drive us to Unit Headquarters," he ordered. "The Brigadier will tell you the way. And get a move on: I have a feeling that I shall find a very great deal to do there! Yes . . .", with a glance at the gloomy Lethbridge-Stewart, " . . . a very great deal indeed!"

"NOW remember, Captain Yates—I shall come through that door, move across this room, and stand by the wall there—in front of the sandbags." The Doctor's pointing finger indicated the piled sandbags reaching from floor to ceiling of one section of the wall of the long laboratory. "You will be standing ten feet away, here, with the sub-machine gun. When I raise my arm, you are to fire the entire magazine at me!"

"But, Doctor . . ." Captain Mike Yates eyed the tall cloaked figure with dismay. "Suppose . . . well, suppose that this stuff of yours doesn't work? In that case . . ."

"In that case, Captain, I shall be needing a new waistcoat! Not to mention a new body to put inside it!"

"This is the laboratory, Sir Norman. We may find the Doctor inside . . ."

"If he has kindly decided to put in an appearance at all, I suppose! I hope you informed him that you would be bringing the new Director of Security to inspect Unit today?"

I told him all right, thought Lethbridge-Stewart. And I tried to warn him what an overbearing, unpleasant, arrogant old bully you are! And why the Prime Minister had to put *you* in overall charge of top security, I don't know! Oh well, here goes . . .

And Lethbridge-Stewart pulled open the door of the laboratory and stepped politely aside to allow Ormsby to enter first. Ormsby stepped through the door, and Lethbridge-Stewart, following, heard his brief cry of shock and horror—before the staccato hammering of the sub-machine-gun, deafening in the enclosed space, drowned it out.

"Merciful heavens!" Ormsby swung around on the Brigadier, his face ashen. "Lethbridge-Stewart, one . . . one of your men has gone mad! That scientist-chap of yours is in there—and someone has just shot him!"

Brushing past the trembling Ormsby, Lethbridge-Stewart was in the laboratory. The bitter reek of burnt cordite filled the air. And there, his face a mask of shock, a sub-machine-gun cradled in his arms, was Captain Yates. Apart from Yates, the long room was empty.

"Yates! What the devil . . .?"

"Brigadier! I . . . it was . . . the Doctor! He . . . he ordered me to fire at him. And . . . and when I did—he disappeared!!"

"Ah, there you are gentlemen!

© 1973 BBC tv Ent

Captain Yates—as you can see, I'm still without a hole in my waistcoat. Your aim was good though . . . very good!" And the Doctor was advancing across the laboratory towards them. They watched him come: Yates in open-mouthed amazement; Lethbridge-Stewart with a sinking feeling as he waited for Ormsby's outburst; and Ormsby . . .

"Will someone have the goodness to tell me just what is going on?" Ormsby had flushed as red as a turkey-cock. "Is this a madhouse? An officer running amok with a gun, shooting at people who . . . disappear! You, Who-or-whatever-your-name-is, speak up man!"

With a grim smile, the Doctor held out his hands, fists clenched, towards Ormsby. Then he opened his fingers. From his clenched hands, small objects of dull metal fell to bounce on the floor at Ormsby's feet. Twenty-eight conical shapes, each around half-an-inch long. Bullets.

"It's quite simple," said Doctor Who. "Yates fired the entire magazine of the sub-machine-gun at me and I caught the bullets!"

"THIS is the liquid." The Doctor held up a transparent container the size of a coke bottle. "And this is *all* there is of it: its preparation requires the use of a mineral found only on the planet Neptune —I . . . er . . . happened to have some by me! However, since only two drops are required for a demonstration such as the one I have just given, it should last us for some time. I can think of a number of uses . . ."

"Confound it, man!" Ormsby's voice had risen to a near shriek. "Will you kindly stop talking in riddles and tell me what you have discovered? I demand to know. I have a *right* to know. And furthermore, I should point out that anything you develop on these premises becomes the property of Her Majesty's Government, of which you are an employee . . . and which I represent!"

"I am not an employee—and I recognise no governments!" The Doctor's voice cut like a whiplash now. "However, since Captain Yates, at least, has a right to know, after the shock I gave him . . . " He shook the container and the liquid within swirled oilily.

"I think I shall call it 'Time-shrinker', since that is what it does. It's very simple: a few drops, taken by mouth or injected, speed up the metabolism—the action of all bodily functions—by an immense amount. I took two drops: and from then on all Captain Yates' movements appeared to me to be in slow motion. As I stood in front of him, he seemed to take five minutes to level his gun, another five to squeeze the trigger. The bullets floated from the barrel no swifter than dandelion seeds floating on the wind—and I plucked them out of the air as easily as I would catch thistledown. Of course, I was moving so swiftly that I became invisible to Captain Yates' normal sight—and to yours as you entered. The drug quickly wore out its effect, because I had taken so little—and here I am again!"

For once, Ormsby's voice had lost its stridency. He seemed stunned by what he had seen . . . and heard. "You . . . you mean, Doctor, that anyone taking that drug would become, for a time, an . . . an invisible man?"

"Rather more than that. He would become an invisible *super*-man!"

"This could be the greatest weapon ever invented!" Lethbridge-Stewart thumped his fist on the desk-top. "One man with the drug could out-run an express train . . . leap a hundred yards . . . fight an entire army! The Master will never be one jump ahead of us again. With this stuff we can . . ."

"If you'd only let me finish my explanation . . ." The Doctor sounded tired. "The drug is remarkable, yes—but there are certain side-effects. Anyone taking it becomes a superman, as I told your fat friend, and . . ."

"Really, Doctor!" Lethbridge-Stewart looked up in irritation, waiting for Ormsby's angry outburst at hearing himself so described. "He doesn't mean it, Sir Norman—it's just that he . . ." But the Brigadier's voice trailed away into silence. When they had entered the office, Ormsby—an unusually silent Ormsby—had brought up the rear. He had remained standing, near the door, as Lethbridge-Stewart, Yates and the Doctor had plunged excitedly into their plans. But now he wasn't there. The door was open—and Ormsby had gone.

In the sudden silence, one line from his thoughts earlier that morning burned through Lethbridge-Stewart's mind: "Ormsby's like the Master in one way: crazy for power—and not fit to be trusted with it!"

His worst fears came true when he burst into the laboratory, one step ahead of the Doctor. Ormsby was not there, either. The container for the 'Time-shrinker' stood on the bench where the Doctor had left it. It was empty.

ORMSBY watched with a kind of contemptuous fascination as the armed soldier at the gate raised his hand to swat at a wasp that buzzed a foot or two from his face. The man's hand came up so slowly that Ormsby could have hung his coat on it, sat down to eat a three-course meal, and risen to find his coat still hanging in almost the same place. The orange-and-black insect before the man's face hung seemingly motionless in the air, the sunlight glinting through its outspread, transparent wings. Man and insect, thought Ormsby, what's the difference? Compared to me now, all men are but insects. I can snap my fingers at guards, walk through the tightest security net. By the time the drug wears off, and that may be months, I will be the most powerful man the world has ever known. So powerful, that even when I return to my normal state I shall retain my rightful eminence. I am not a man any longer—I am a god!

With a laugh that had little

mirth but a great deal of madness in it, Ormsby pushed through the gate, leaving insect and man in their frozen, timeless confrontation. In the road outside, he leaped effortlessly over a motionless double-decker bus, filled with gaping waxwork passengers. Then he set off at a brisk walk along the road towards London. His thoughts piled haphazard on one another: the Bank of England, the Crown Jewels, a few choice pictures from the National Gallery for the base I shall establish. Let me see, I rather think Windsor Castle would be the place . . . or Buckingham Palace: I should have no difficulty in making the present occupants move out! And, for when I return to normal, something to make sure my subjects obey me. Perhaps a few nuclear bombs . . . I could take over a whole country . . .

So deep was Ormsby in his plans as he went along, through a landscape in which nothing seemed to move but himself, that he failed to notice a growing smell of scorching. And the increasing heat, he put down to the bright summer sun . . .

"For pity's sake, Doctor, what are we to *do*?" Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart was a man not given to despair, but now he was perilously close to it. "We're nothing but puppets in Ormsby's hands. That madman . . . he could rule the world now . . . he *will* rule the world! Compared to him, the Master's nothing . . "

After the first shock of finding the drug, and Ormsby, gone, the Doctor had been silent, deep in thought. Then, amazingly, his usual mood of dry humour seemed to return. And now he was positively cheerful!

"You underestimate the Master, Brigadier! He would never have made such a stupid mistake: If *he* had the drug, then he certainly would rule the world. But poor Ormsby . . . Well, I think we shall be hearing of him soon. *Of* him, but not *from* him. Not ever again . . .!"

To the people of the village that lay about five miles down the road from Unit Headquarters, it looked like a meteor. But meteors do not move across country at express-train speed, only a foot or two off the ground. Meteors burn a fiery path through the sky, not through fields and woods. Meteors, when they flash through space, make no noise in the vast emptiness between the stars. This meteor made a high, thin screaming noise. Imagine a gramophone-record of a human voice, played at fifty times its normal speed. That was the kind of noise this meteor made. It blazed a trail of scorched earth about four feet wide wherever it passed. In its wake, woods burned, and all living things nearby died. It was lucky, everyone agreed, that no human was near its path.

It was an incredible sight, but it was all over in seconds. The amazing meteor flashed across country for three miles—and then went out in a final flare of scorching heat. Within minutes, cars were converging on the spot where it had flamed to its end.

IT was a circle of blackened earth. At its centre lay what might have been a charred tree, a brittle, shrivelled sapling. Only the Brigadier and the Doctor could have traced any resemblance to a human outline in what remained of the man who planned to rule the world.

"Of course, he would have died of old age within a few minutes—perhaps this was a better way. He can have had very little time to feel pain—or regret." The Doctor turned away from the charred circle and the Brigadier fell into step beside him.

"It was friction, you see? He was moving at something like the speed of sound—and that generates immense heat. He must have noticed it too late . . . too late to stop himself becoming a human fireball. I took only two drops of the drug—and even I became unpleasantly warm simply by walking across the laboratory . . ."

"And . . . old age, Doctor?"

"The other side-effect. Not deadly to me, or to the Master, for we are . . . er . . . rather different from normal men. With a speeded-up metabolism, say from two drops of the drug, a man would live an hour in every one of our seconds. With the dose Ormsby took, well . . . I should imagine he was about two hundred years old when he . . ." And with a small movement of his hand the Doctor indicated the crowd around the 'meteor's' funeral pyre.

"But now, Brigadier, I shall have to begin work on another way to counter the Master's next move . . ."

DIG for DANGER

A UFO STORY

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NORTH AMERICA. A STRANGE CRAFT DESCENDS ALMOST NOISELESSLY TO THE GROUND...

BUT THEN...

LINED UP FOR THE KILL! FIRING...

...NOW...

HOLD YOUR FIRE, CAPTAIN!

WE'VE PICKED UP THE UFO...WE'LL BE RIGHT ON THE SPOT WHEN HE LANDS...

...IT COULD BE OUR CHANCE TO TAKE HIM ALIVE!

O.K., WE'VE SIGHTED HIM!

ALL MOBILE PATROLS...CLOSE IN ON POSITION FORTY EIGHT-SIXTY THREE... UFO LANDING!

© 1973 Century 21 M Ltd

WE'VE GOT HIM COLD! A CLIFF BEHIND... AND MOBILES CLOSING IN FROM ALL SIDES! HE'S GOT NOWHERE TO GO!
SPREAD OUT... AND CLOSE IN!
COLONEL FOSTER! THE UFO'S HATCH ...IT'S OPEN!
THE ALIEN MUST STILL BE IN THERE! HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT OUT WITHOUT BEING SEEN!
I'LL SOON SEE FOR SURE!
COME BACK, YOU FOOL!
EVEN AS COLONEL FOSTER SHOUTS...
IF THE ALIEN WAS IN THERE, HE'S VERY DEAD NOW!
IF HE WAS IN THERE!
IT'S NOT LIKE AN ALIEN TO DESTROY HIMSELF WITHOUT EVEN TRYING TO MAKE A BREAK!
COLONEL! LOOK... IN THE CLIFFSIDE!

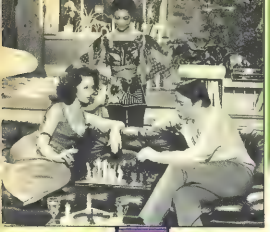
A CAVE!
AN OLD MINE-WORKING, I'D SAY! IT COULD BE WHERE THE ALIEN WAS MAKING FOR.
SPREAD OUT AND LOOK FOR POSSIBLE EXITS! ONE OF YOU COVER THIS ENTRANCE...
I'LL COME TOO, COLONEL.
NO, MURPHY. THIS IS A ONE MAN JOB. IF I'M NOT OUT IN TWENTY MINUTES, RADIO H.Q. FOR HELP.
ALONE I STAND A CHANCE OF SURPRISING THEM. IF THEY ARE IN THERE.
OOoo
PAUL FOSTER INCHES HIS WAY DOWN THE DIMLY LIT TUNNEL, AND SOON...
SOMETHING UP AHEAD!
BUT THEN...
NOW WHAT SHOULD I MAKE OF THAT? SOME KIND OF UFO HOMING DEVICE...

SUDDENLY...
I'LL SOON PUT...
FOSTER TURNS TO FIND HIMSELF OUT NUMBERED...
I HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE...
TRY THAT FOR SIZE, GREEN FACE.
SURPRISINGLY THE ALIENS MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO USE THEIR WEAPONS...
WHY HAVEN'T THEY TRIED TO PLUG ME? IN FACT THEY'RE ALL UNARMED.
I'LL DROP THE NEXT ONE THAT MOVES — UNDERSTAND?
BUT AS PAUL FOSTER'S SHOT ECHOES IN THE UNDERGROUND CAVERN...
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

NEXT MOMENT...
A ROOF FALL!
AND OUTSIDE THE MINE ENTRANCE...
THE MOUNTAIN'S CAVING IN — AND COLONEL FOSTER'S STILL IN THERE! RADIO FOR HEAVY RESCUE EQUIPMENT...
MINUTES LATER WHEN THE DUST HAS CLEARED...
HEAVY EQUIPMENT WILL ONLY BRING THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN DOWN! WE NEED SKILLED MINERS!
BUT THAT'LL TAKE DAYS TO ORGANISE!
WHAT'S THAT UP THERE?
IN ROCK EXPOSED BY THE FALL — A THICK YELLOW TRACE!
IF I'M NOT GOING CRAZY, THAT MY FRIENDS IS GOLD!
IT MAKES SENSE, THESE WERE OLD GOLD-WORKINGS!
IT COULD BE THE RIGHT CARROT TO GET OUR MINERS — ANNOUNCE A STRIKE TO ALL LOCAL RADIO STATIONS...
LESS THAN AN HOUR PASSES... IN A SMALL TOWN A FEW MILES AWAY!
... STRIKE IN HAMER'S GORGE!
Y'HEAR THAT? LET'S GIT MOVIN'! STAKE OUR CLAIMS!
NEARLY THERE! WHO MADE THE STRIKE, ANYHOW?
SOMEBODY WITHOUT THE SENSE TO KEEP IT QUIET! HE BETTER HAVE HIS CLAIM STAKED REAL GOOD — ELSE HE'S GONNA LOSE IT FOR SURE!

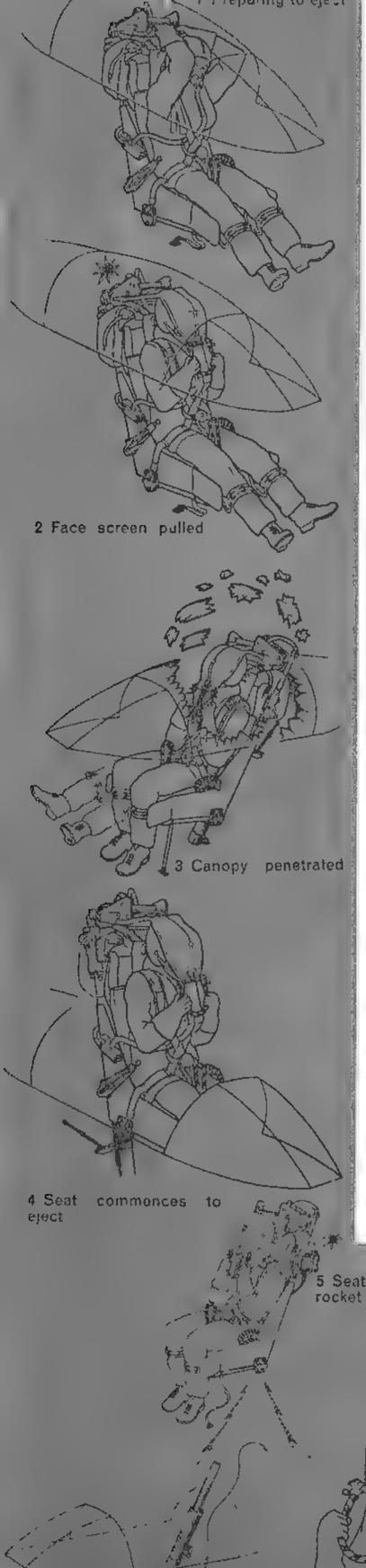
THE CLAIM IS 'STAKED' — BY SHADO!
WHO IN PETE'S NAME ARE YOU? THE POLICE? A GOLD STRIKE BELONGS TO ANYONE WHO STAKES A CLAIM... YOU GOT NO RIGHT TO...
LISTEN, ALL OF YOU! WE'RE NOT THE POLICE...
... AND WE'VE STAKED THIS CLAIM! BUT ONE OF OUR MEN IS UNDER THIS ROCKPILE — GET HIM OUT... AND THE CLAIM'S YOURS!
THE MINERS NEED NO SECOND INDUCEMENT...
THIS IS THE RICHEST QUARTZ I'VE EVER SEEN.
DROP IT — AN' GET DIGGIN'! YOU HEARD THE MAN — WE GOT TO EARN OUR CLAIM AFORE WE CAN STAKE IT!
A WRONG MOVE COULD BRING THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN DOWN!
MISTER, WE BEEN PROSPECTIN' THESE MOUNTAINS F'R YEARS... WE KNOWS MORE ABOUT DIGGIN' THAN A MOLE DOES! WE'LL GET Y'R MAN OUT — IF'N HE'S STILL ALIVE!
AN HOUR PASSES... ANOTHER... AND THEN...!
WE'RE THROUGH! AN' SOMEBODY'S MOVIN' IN THERE!
IS IT THE COLONEL... OR ALIENS?
INSIDE THE CAVERN... FOSTER RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS.
WHERE AM I?

...AND SO DOES ANOTHER...
NO... EARTHMAN! YOU WILL DIE HERE... WITH US!
BUT THE ALIEN'S SHOT ONLY GRAZES PAUL FOSTER...
HURRY MAN! THAT SHOT'S STARTED ANOTHER FALL!
GIVE ME YOUR HAND, COLONEL!
FOSTER IS NO SOONER DRAGGED CLEAR, WHEN..
ARE YOU SURE YOU WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THERE, MISTER? I'LL SWEAR I HEARD A SHOT!
SURE... I WAS THE ONLY ONE.
GUESS WE'LL GET BACK TO THE BUSINESS OF DIGGING FOR GOLD.
THAT SEAM'S HIGHER UP THE MOUNTAIN, THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE ALIENS.
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!



Play the PROTECTORS

A game for 2 to 6 players. All you need is a counter for each player and a dice. Throw a six to begin. If you land on a red square, follow the instructions as indicated.


1 Preparing to eject
2 Face screen pulled
3 Canopy penetrated
4 Seat commences to eject
5 Seat clears aircraft with rocket assistance
6 The drogue gun fires and piston is ejected . . .
7 . . . which releases the stabilising drogue chutes
8 Below 10,000 feet, a time mechanism starts to release the seat
9 Automatically, the pilot is released from the seat
10 The seat falls clear as the drogues deploy the main chute
11 Normal parachute descent

EVERY year on your TV screens the excitement of the Farnborough Air Show demonstrates the skill of today's pilots. But for all the skill of a trained Air Force pilot, everyday situations sometimes demand an escape procedure. Super-fast jets demand instant escape—and that's where the ejector seat comes in . . .

Your jet fighter is at ground level, hurtling towards a concrete airfield perimeter wall at 200 mph plus—there's no chance of stopping and total destruction is only seconds away . . . What do you do?

Precious seconds of thought elapse and then, you remember. A touch on a red button and—BANG—you're up in the air and only feet below, your plane's being smashed to smithereens.

Science fiction? No, perfectly possible. Escapes like that have occurred on many occasions, as have many more last-minute exits from dying aircraft.

The life-saver has been the ingenious Martin-Baker ejector seat. A device which was unheard of before the end of the Second World War, as quick escapes were largely thought unnecessary. For, before the advent of high-speed aircraft, the pilot could simply climb out of his aeroplane and jump over the side (assuming of course that he had a parachute!) and could land perfectly safely. And many escapes have been made in this way.

It looked like disaster when this plane headed for the sea on take-off from an aircraft carrier.

• *Pictures courtesy Martin Baker Engineering Ltd.*

A daring pilot tests out a ground-level ejection

Up, up and away!

By Peter Brosnan

Numerous tests were made on rigs at Martin-Baker's factory before the best means of rapid escape could be devised—the forced ejection of the seat and its occupant with an explosive charge.

After many tests with sand-bag packed seats to simulate a human load, Martin-Baker's test engineer, Bernard Lynch undertook the first 'live' ejection on July 24, 1946. It was perfectly successful—a courageous act which earned him the respect of pilots throughout the world.

Later ejector seats incorporated fully automatic parachute operation and even an oxygen supply for high altitude escapes.

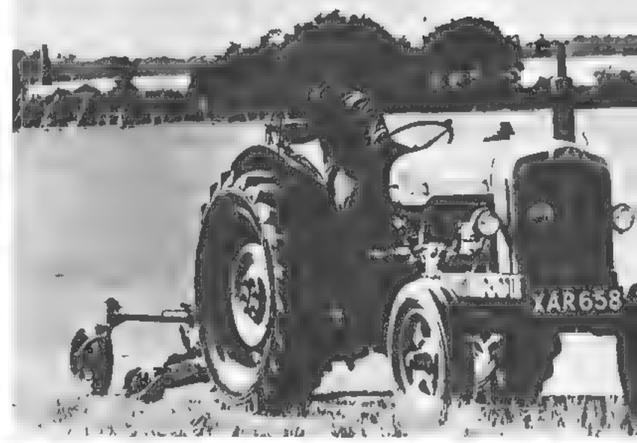
One of the latest developments, fitted especially to hover aircraft, such as the Harrier, is the rocket-assisted ejector seat. This unique arrangement enables a pilot to escape at low, or even *nil*, altitude.

The seat and its occupant are simply thrust into the sky so that there's sufficient height for a parachute landing.

Even more sophisticated is the underwater escape system fitted to the Royal Navy's Buccaneer aircraft. These planes are more likely to be 'ditched' over the sea and, consequently, Martin-Baker were asked to dream up a special device for underwater aircraft escapes. They came up with an ingenious system which can even rescue an unconscious pilot. The trapped man is released from his cockpit and brought to the surface without him having to lift a finger.

But perhaps the greatest tribute to this all-British rescue gadget is the wonderful record achieved for saving human life. Since the first ejector seat, more than 3280 lives have been saved with Martin-Baker equipment.

But for the ejector seat, this picture would have recorded a fatal crash



Up, up and away!

By Peter Brosnan

But this standard escape procedure was made obsolete overnight as the first series of jets underwent tests. In 1944, even before the war had ended, a British pilot was test flying a Gloster Meteor jet. At 400 mph, something went wrong and the pilot tried to escape by the 'over-the-side' method. Unfortunately, he was injured, lost consciousness and fell to his death, unable to open his parachute.

This tragic accident immediately provoked research into ways of getting out of a jet safely and quickly. And a pioneering British aircraft company, Martin-Baker was given the task of finding the key to 'instant escapes'.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

This is your mission—complete these questions within twenty minutes. Should you fail to correctly answer any of the questions, the Secretary deducts points from your score! Your first task will be a test of your familiarity with the I.M.F. agents and their code names. This tape will now self destruct . . .

1 Link these regular Impossible Mission Force agents with their real names.

A Jim Phelps *1 Peter Lupus*
B Willy Armitage *2 Peter Graves*
C Paris *3 Greg Morris*
D Barney Collier *4 Leslie Warren*
E Dana *5 Leonard Nimoy*

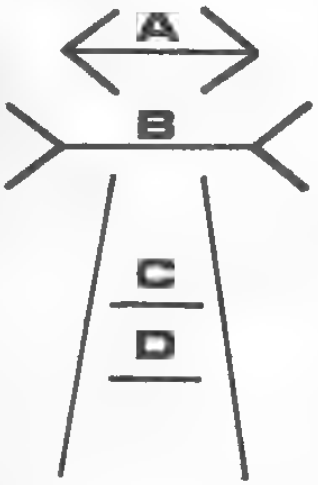
A ☐ B ☐ C ☐
D ☐ E ☐

2 The M.I. team is made up of experts in many fields. Can you link these agents with their skills?

A Jim Phelps *1 Muscle*
B Barney Collier *2 Disguise*
C Paris *3 Gadgetry*
D Willy Armitage *4 Organisation*

A ☐ B ☐
C ☐ D ☐

3 All agents must have excellent powers of observation. Do you see what is really there—or what you think is there? Try these tests!



Which lines are longer?

A ..... *B* .....
C ..... *D* .....

4 Deception is something which an agent lives with each day. He never knows whether to trust people. One danger is a person called an 'agent provocateur'. What does this term mean? Is it—

A A part-time agent
B An agent who encouraged you to do something to the enemy's advantage
C An agent who defects to the enemy

A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

5 The IMF team has sometimes used the Laser to cut through metal. What other use is the Laser to an agent?

....

6 What do the letters LASER stand for?

L- - - - / A- - - - - - - - - - - /

- - - / S- - - - - - - - -, E- - - - - -

/ - - - / R- - - - - - - -

7 What is an agent's 'cover'? Is it—

A A disguise or false name
B Another agent who fires shots to distract an attacker
C A type of moulded rubber face mask

A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

8 What is a 'microdot'?

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

9 Agents need to be proficient in the art of self-defence. Name two methods.

.. ..

10 If an agent is caught, he is charged as a spy. What is the legal word for the offence of spying?

....

11 The I.M.F. team is often confronted with locked doors. What is the name of a lock which can only be opened if a series of numbers or letters are selected?

C - - B - - A T - O - / L O C K

12 Name a type of key which will open several locks—

S - E - E T - N / K E Y

13 How does the I.M.F. team hear about its missions? Is it—

A By telephone
B From a tape recording
C A personal briefing
D By radio message

A ☐ B ☐
C ☐ D ☐

Answers

1 A=2; B=1; C=5; D=3; E=4 (2 points)
2 A=4; B=3; C=2; D=1 (2 points)
3 All lines, A-D are the same length. The fact that they appear different is an optical illusion (3 points)
4 B (2 points)
5 A laser can be used like a radio wave to transmit messages (3 points)
6 Light Amplification by Stimulated Emissions of Radiation (3 points)
7 A (2 points)
8 A microdot is a minute photographic negative, often as small as a full stop, which is used by agents to carry a secret message or copy of plans, etc (2 points)
9 Karate or Judo (1 point for each)
10 Espionage (2 points)
11 Combination Lock (2 points)
12 Skeleton Key (2 points)
13 B (2 points)

Check your score

(Warning: The Secretary will subtract one point for each incorrect answer!)

29 points—you are ideal agent material. Be prepared for a message from the Secretary

20-28 points—well done, your application will be treated favourably!

15-19 points—you could make agent material, but more preparatory work is necessary

10-14 points—keep trying, Jim Phelps may have some use for you, in time!

5-10 points—you must be a double agent, trying to avoid the attention of the Secretary

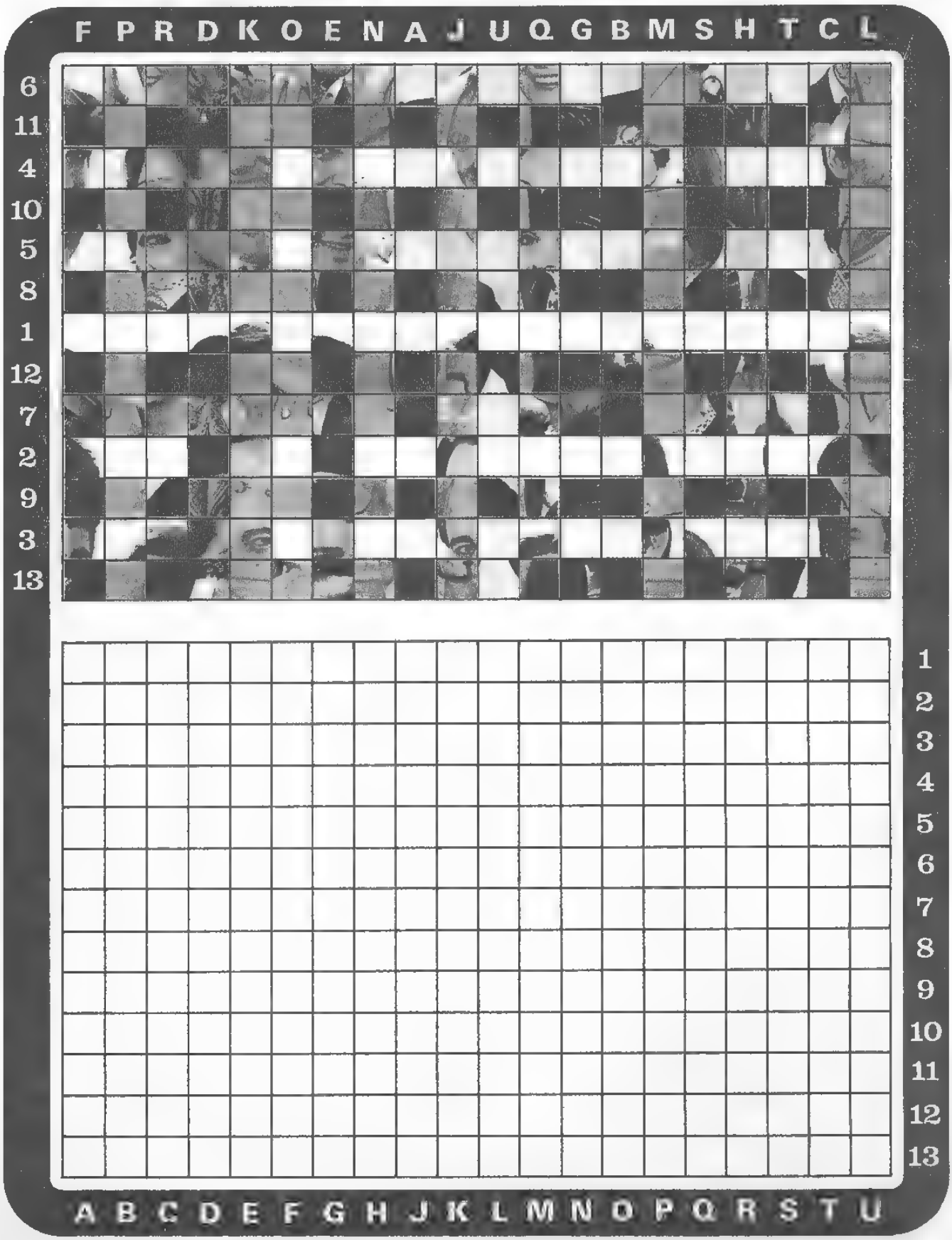
0-5 points—you are either a genius or very poor agent material!

DROOPY
IT LOOKS LIKE I CAN TAKE A SHORT CUT THIS WAY...
I WONDER WHAT THEY'VE GOT TO BEWARE OF?
BEWARE BANDITS
HOLA, GRINGO! HAND OVER YOUR MONEY.
EET LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A CUSTOMER.
BEG YA PARDON?
CARAMBA- GEEVE ME YOUR MONEY OR I FIRE.
I'M SORRY I CAN'T UNDERSTAND MEXICAN- WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?
OH. YOU WANT TO GIVE ME YOUR GUN?
MAMA MIA- HE STEAL MY GUN.
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS PISTOL!
HE HAS ME COVERED! ALL RIGHT, I SURRENDER.
HERE, MISTER, YOU HAVE IT BACK, I DON'T LIKE GUNS!
DIABLO! HE GEEVE IT ME BACK!
DROOPY CONTINUES ON HIS WAY...
HE'S ESCAPING AND WE DON'T 'AVE HE'S MONEY!
I FIRE THE GUN AND BRING HIM BACK!
BONG
SHUCKS! LOOKS LIKE I UPSET THOSE FELLAS!
DIDN'T MEAN TO BE UNFRIENDLY, GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE HIS PRESENT AND MAKE HIM HAPPY.

© 1973 MGM Inc

Picture Probe

Here's something to test your skill. The top grid contains a picture of three of your favourite characters. The picture, as you can see, has been cut up and rearranged. The pieces are identified by the number on the side and the letter at the top. Using the grid below, cut and paste each coded piece into its new position. One word of warning, make sure you only cut and move one piece at a time.



LANCERS... ADVANCE!

A PERSUADERS STORY

FIRST, at the walk. The horse's hooves move noiselessly on the sand-covered surface of the practice-ground. The rider is bolt upright in the saddle. The trailing ends of the red silken scarf knotted around his turban hang motionless.

Then at the trot. A light drumming of hooves. The rider rises and falls with his mount's motion. A light breeze stirs the scarf's ends.

Then at the gallop. Sand spurts from beneath the flying hooves. The rider is tensed, one hand lightly on the reins, the other clasped tightly around the mid-point of the fourteen-foot lance he carries upright at his side. The scarf-ends whip out in the wind.

The charge. Horse and rider hurtle forward together, blended into one onrushing unstoppable whole. The thundering hooves hardly seem to touch the ground. The butt of the lance swings up. The point goes down. Fourteen feet of bamboo, tipped with razor-sharp steel, aimed at the mark.

The point goes home, ripping the peg of soft-wood from the ground. The lancer reins in, pulling up his horse in a single swirl of steaming flanks and dripping muzzle. He extends the lance, the wooden peg firmly spitted on its end, to the tall man who watches him.

Ashraf Khan pulls the peg free, and thoughtfully runs his finger along the steel edge of the lance's point. He smiles up at the rider. His dark face is lit by what may be a smile—or may be the delight he has in anticipating what the next target of the lance's point is to be.

"Sharpen it well, Firuz!" he says softly. "Its point must bite like a tiger's fang when you ride at the Akhond's durbar!"

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

Thundering hooves again; but this time over a damp, green English meadow. The big man on the piebald pony settles low in the saddle as he comes in for the tackle. Just as it seems that he will ride head-on into his opponent, a twitch on the reins swings the well-trained pony round. Its quarters cannon against those of the opponent's grey mount. The grey staggers, its rider clutching at the reins to keep his seat. The ball runs free for a moment; and then the big man leans from the saddle of the piebald, his mallet swings in one fluid sweep, and the ball flies like a white streak between the posts. The umpire's whistle sounds almost immediately. Brett Sinclair raises his polo stick to acknowledge the wave of polite applause that ripples over the immaculate turf of Cowdray Park.

The Invitation

"The Akhond of Siwanar presents his compliments to Lord Brett Sinclair. He will be honoured if Lord Brett will take part in the Grand Polo Match arranged for His Highness The Akhond's Durbar on the occasion of His Highness's Jubilee. In the event of Lord Brett's acceptance, His Highness's aircraft waits at Gatwick to transport Lord Brett, and any friend he may care to bring, to Siwanar."

The invitation was printed in gold on hand-woven cream paper as thick as a biscuit. Danny Wilde held it by one edge before skimming it across the room at Brett, who slid deeper into his armchair to avoid the missile.

"And is His Highness . . . I mean His Lordship . . . intending to join in the Jubilee junketings at Si . . . what's-it—wherever that may be?"

Brett gestured towards the window, against which rain, driven by an Autumn gale, battered like soft hands.

"My dear chap, they say the climate in Northern India is delightful at this time of year. It can't be worse than an English summer! I suggest we start packing our tropical gear right away. Although how you'll behave among the assembled Rajahs, Maharajahs, and assorted Nabobs is, I confess, a bit of a worry . . . !"

© 1973 ITC Ltd

Danny Wilde was uncomfortable, no doubt about that. He had bowed to the Gaekwar of Mashoda, taken the required three paces backwards before addressing the Maharajah of Ponsa, and had been nearly dazzled by the rubies that blazed on the necklace of the Rani of Ranchi. The Akhond of Siwanar's court had turned out to be like something out of a Hollywood epic based on the 'Arabian Nights'. Maybe, thought Danny, the Indian government had stripped the ancient princely families of most of their independent powers—but seeing them at home, where their word was law, you'd hardly think they were just figure-heads.

"Of course," Brett had explained, "so long as they obey the Indian government's laws, they can do pretty much as they like within their own little kingdoms. To their subjects, they're the nearest thing to gods. The Akhond's a nice old man, looks after his people well—but even today it can be very unpleasant for the subjects of a prince who's only concerned with his own pleasure."

And now the Akhond, the 'nice old man' himself, was bearing down on Danny, who hastily thrust away the handkerchief with which he had been furtively mopping his perspiring brow. The Akhond's dark eyes twinkled as he looked at the uncomfortable American.

"Mister Wilde, I have a feeling that this is . . . what you would call 'not your scene' . . . is it not so? You are a man of action, I believe—and a hunter of some skill, so Lord Brett has told me. It is possible that I can provide a quarry that will interest you—although it may be dangerous . . ."

Danny brightened up at once. "Brother . . . I mean, Your Highness . . . if there's any big game goin', then let me at it! I mean . . . this sure is a nice place you got here—but I guess I always was a country-boy at heart. What I mean is . . ."

The Akhond clapped his hands. A servant scuttled up, and was immediately dispatched with brief instructions. "You mean, Mister Wilde, that you would rather be away from us . . . er . . . stuffed shirts . . . and doing something useful. I respect you for it. I have sent for my Chief Minister, who will arrange—ah! here he is . . ."

The man who joined them was tall and bearded. His mouth smiled, but his eyes were deep as the jungle darkness where strange beasts may lurk. His body seemed to stiffen with displeasure as the Akhond placed a hand on his shoulder, although the Akhond noticed nothing. The old prince turned once more to Danny Wilde.

"This is the man you must thank for releasing you from the tedium of my court. Only today he told me of a tiger that is troubling one of my people's villages—and suggested that you might like a chance at it. My most trusted minister, and my good friend . . . Ashraf Khan!"

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

"He's a funny kind of guy, this Ashraf Khan!" Danny whipped the oily rag from the muzzle of the big Mannlicher Express rifle and held it up to peer along the gleaming barrel. "He don't say much . . . but you get the feeling he knows just what you're thinking—and that he don't give a darn about you anyway."

"I've heard a thing or two about Ashraf Khan, myself." Brett stretched out on the low divan in their luxurious quarters in the Akhond's palace, and reached for a slice of mango from the gold bowl that stood on the table beside it. "The Akhond has no heirs . . . and he's right under Ashraf's thumb. When the old man goes—he has the right to nominate his successor. And that could be Ashraf. Just as well for the people of Siwanar that the Akhond's got plenty more years in him yet . . . long enough for Ashraf to queer his own pitch . . ."

"Well", Danny slid back the bolt of the Mannlicher, pulled the trigger, and clicked home the firing-pin on an empty chamber, "at least Ashraf's the goods when it comes to organising a hunting trip. I'll be gone around three days . . ."

"You'll miss the Durbar . . . the big open-air reception for all the Akhond's subjects. And the Polo match—although you wouldn't enjoy that unless I fell off, I'm sure! But the 'tent-pegging' might have been in your line . . ."

"Tent-pegging?" Danny put down the rifle and began to push heavy .404 shells into a cartridge belt. "Sounds like a boy-scout jamboree . . ."

"Far from it! The Akhond has a bodyguard—The Siwanar Lancers. Their party-piece is to charge down on the Akhond and his guests as they sit in their grand-stand at the Durbar. They go into the charge, level their lances . . . looks as if they're all set to spear us! But at the last moment, they drop their lance points and spear a line of tent-pegs dug into the sand—and that takes some doing on a galloping horse. Should be quite a spectacle!"

Treachery

Firuz Shah, the lancer, and Mangal Sher, the huntsman, stood before their master—Ashraf Khan. Each deftly caught the heavy bag of gold coins he flung to them.

"You know your tasks? You, Mangal, will be Wilde's gun-bearer. He is a dangerous man—it will be your job to see that he ceases to be so! As for the other, Sinclair, by the time he realises that something is wrong, you Firuz, will have done *your* work—and it will be too late for him to interfere. With the Akhond gone, the bodyguard will obey *me*. You will be able to escape in the confusion, Firuz . . . and when I am ruler of Siwanar your reward shall be great. Is all clear?"

"Yes, master!" And, bowing low, Firuz Shah and Mangal Sher left to carry out their tasks. Firuz, to sharpen once more the already razor-keen point of his lance. And Mangal, to attend to the firing-mechanism on a certain Mannlicher .404 heavy-game rifle.

Misfire!

As he heard the coughing roar through the long grass ahead of him, Danny Wilde felt the joy of the dedicated hunter who finds himself matched with a quarry that will destroy him . . . unless he brings all his skill to bear. The tiger was a big one, although all he had seen was a huge striped shape, low to the ground, streaking off into the elephant-grass as he had fired—too late. That had been the fault of the gun-bearer, who had hesitated before handing Danny the rifle. He wasn't going to get the chance to make the same mistake again!

His mouth close to Mangal Sher's ear, Danny whispered his orders. "Tiger's gone to ground in this clump up ahead. Give me the rifle now . . . and you stay here. I'm going in after him. Right?"

Danny was too busy thinking of how he would approach the cornered killer to notice the strange look in Mangal's eyes as the Indian handed over the heavy Mannlicher. Checking that a blunt-nosed round lay ready in the chamber, Danny squirmed off into the grass. Mangal looked after him, a smile of triumph on his lips.

Danny never knew afterwards whether he found the tiger or the tiger found him. All he knew was that one moment he was deep in the protective screen of grass, working his way towards the grumbling roar of the angry beast—and the next moment he was in a small clearing. But not alone: facing him, only a few feet away, was the angry cat, a striped thunderbolt with open mouth and ripping claws, tail swishing, ready to spring. As the beast crouched, Danny swung the rifle up into the aim. As the tiger left the ground in a blur of speed, leaping right into the muzzle of the rifle, he pulled the trigger. And nothing happened!

It was only Danny's lightning-fast reflexes that saved him. As the bolt of the rifle went home with a dull click, without the expected roar and kick of the heavy bullet being hammered out into the head of the leaping tiger, Danny followed his hunter's instinct: when in doubt, hit the deck! A split-second after pulling the useless trigger, he was flat on the ground, and the angry cat had sailed clear over his head to crash through the tall grass beyond. There was the snarl of fury of the baffled killer, a threshing in the grass—and then silence.

Outside the thicket of elephant grass, Mangal Sher heard the crash of the leap, the snarl—and waited for the screams. There was nothing. Silence. Hesitantly, Mangal took a step towards the thicket. Another step. Still, all was quiet.

The tiger came out like a streak of striped lightning. Mangal had no time to turn, no time to run—no time even to scream before he went down under the rending claws. But then, his screams began.

Danny Wilde broke from the grass to see Mangal down, the tiger crouched above him—ready to finish off its prey. In his hands, Danny held the useless rifle: useless, as one swift glance had told him, because its firing-pin had been filed down just far enough to keep it from making contact with the base of the round in the chamber. But even a rifle that will not fire makes a useful club.

The blow came down with all the power of Danny's muscular body behind it. The butt of the rifle shattered with the force of the impact. The tiger, its back broken, jack-knifed into the air with a spring of agony. Closing in, dodging the wild swings of the huge claws, Danny finished it off with a hunting knife in the throat. Then he turned to Mangal.

The man was dying, torn apart by the enraged cat. As Danny bent over him, one hand reached weakly up to rest on his arm. Mangal's voice was choked with blood.

"You . . . you tried . . . save me?"

"I tried—maybe could have saved you . . . if my rifle hadn't been fixed! Do you know anything about . . . ?"

"Listen, *sahib* . . . before . . . I go . . . I will tell. Ash . . . Ashraf Khan . . . his plan . . . finish you . . . kill Akhond! Charge of Lancers . . . you must stop . . . charge!" The man's head fell back, his body limp.

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

Old Pather was harnessing his bullock team to the cart when the mad white man arrived. The man carried a broken gun and was shouting some nonsense about telephones . . . radio stations. Old Pather was about to explain, in full detail, that there were no telephones or radios in Siwanar, outside the Akhond's court, when the mad-man committed a crime. Disregarding old Pather's protests, he grabbed the ox-goad from his hands, leaped up on to the cart, and urged the oxen forward in a clumsy trot. Old Pather chased them for a good hundred yards before he was left behind in the dust of their going to mourn his stolen oxen.

Death Lance

The Polo match had been a good one. Brett took a deep breath and massaged an aching knee as he leant on the paddock fence and watched his pony—the Akhond had had her flown in from England, too . . . must be good to have *that* much money—being unsaddled. Now the climax of the Durbar was approaching: the charge of the Lancers of the bodyguard.

From his place by the paddock fence, Brett looked across the parade-ground to where a dense mass of the Akhond's subjects lined the rails on the far side. Off to his right, perhaps a hundred yards away, was the small grandstand in which the Akhond and his guests sat. Brett should have been with them, but he was quite content to watch from here, and see his pony properly rubbed down and fed. Anyway, he would have a good view: the Lancers were already assembling at the other end of the parade-ground, far away to his left, and he would see them thunder past at full gallop towards the line of pegs dug into the sand in front of the grandstand.

From somewhere behind Brett, he could hear confused shouting. It sounded as if the grooms in the stables were quarrelling—doubtless over how to share the generous tip he had given them. Then, over the confused babble—a familiar voice.

"Out o'- my way you dumb bunnies! Brett! Brett -in the name o' Sam Hall—where are you? Brett!!!" Then, over the shouting, the trumpeting of an enraged elephant. Brett went towards the stables at a run.

The figure which slid from the elephant's back almost into his arms was filthy with dust and sweat. But the grimy face was that of Danny Wilde, and the hoarse voice was breaking with urgency.

"Danny! What on earth have you . . . ?"

"Ox cart . . . too slow! No automobiles . . . in this neck of woods . . . so I . . . borrowed . . . . an elephant. Brett! You gotta stop . . . the charge! The Lancers . . . one of 'em . . . Ashraf's Khan's man . . . gonna stick the Akhond!"

From the parade-ground, high and clear, came the note of a bugle. Then, in a sudden silence, a single voice: "Lancers . . . advance!"

As he raced through the paddock towards the parade-ground, Brett knew he was too late. Already the long line of lancers was moving forward at a trot. Only seconds before they began to gallop . . . seconds before the lance points came down . . . seconds before one lancer ignored the waiting peg and drove his lance into living flesh. And

there was no way of stopping it!

Or was there a way? The groom beside Brett's piebald polo-pony was knocked aside as the big man moved with the speed of a striking cobra. He vaulted on to the pony's bare back, faced her at the fence, dug his heels home.

The pony had been trained to respond to her rider's slightest movement. Every nudge of the foot, every twitch on the reins had its own meaning. Now there were no reins, but the man on her back was still her master. She knew what she had to do.

With Brett clinging grimly to her mane, the pony cleared the fence of the parade-bround like a show-jumper. There, coming like a thunderstorm on her left, was the line of lancers. At the charge now: the lance points swinging down to threaten the Akhond and his guests, sitting in unrealised peril in the grandstand to the right. Obedient to her rider, the pony went across the parade-ground like a piebald whirlwind.

Firuz Shah's hand was clamped tightly on the hand-grip of his lance. He leaned a little forward in his saddle, his seat rock-steady on the galloping horse, to sight along the long shaft. No more than eighty yards away now, to his front, the Akhond sat in the front row of the small grandstand. The lances of the riders on either side of Firuz Shah dipped as their owners aimed for the pegs. Firuz Shah's point rose, aimed at the Akhond's throat. Now the Akhond and his guests were on their feet, pointing down the parade-ground towards him. Have they realised something is wrong? Too late, thought Firuz, too late . . . I have only another thirty yards . . . twenty . . . ten . . .

A Waler, a cavalry horse, is built for strength and stamina. It moves at great speed in a full-stretch gallop—but a polo pony, lighter and built for speed, moves faster. And a polo pony is trained to knock other horses off their stride, to use its whole body as a battering-ram at its rider's command.

As Brett came in from the side, lying almost flat along the piebald's back, his fingers buried in her mane, he saw Firuz Shah's lance-point rise, saw the man pull ahead of the other riders. That's the one! Now—tackle him!

A blur of movement, the polo pony rocketed across in front of the charging lancers, aimed at the leading rider. Horses stumbled, lances dropped from startled hands, as the men of the body-guard hauled on the reins or swerved to avoid a collision. Only Firuz Shah rode on . . . a lance's length from the grandstand—where the Akhond stood erect, waiting.

Just as it seemed that Brett would ride head-on into the side of Firuz Shah's mount, a pull on her mane brought his pony around, her quarters smacking solidly, with all her weight behind them, into those of Firuz Shah's horse. The big cavalry mount staggered. Only for a moment—but enough to turn the aim of the lance in its rider's hand . . . within a foot of the Akhond's throat.

Ashraf Khan stood in his usual place at the Akhond's side. The trusted minister . . . at his master's right-hand . . . ready to step forward at the moment when horror held everyone paralysed to claim the prince's place for himself.

Ashraf Khan had only a split-second to realise that his plan had failed before the razor-tipped point of his hired assassin's lance took him just under the jawbone!

Blood Princes

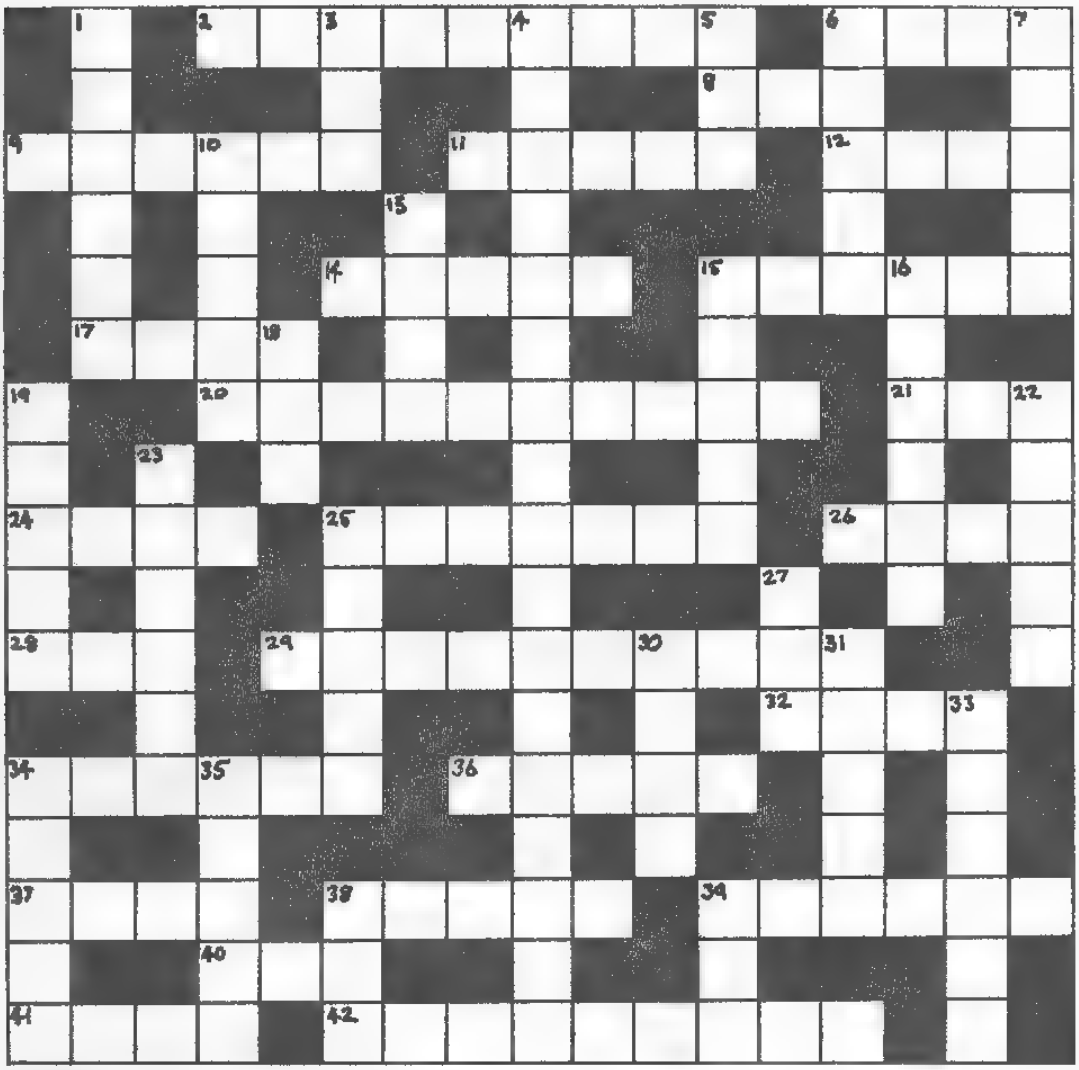
A modern Indian prince has little power outside his own court . . . but inside it, his word is law. And if he owes his life to you—his word is likely to be that you should be honoured above all other men.

Danny Wilde shrugged his shoulders uncomfortably under the gem-studded, embroidered silk robe. The weight of the jewels in the turban he wore was making his neck ache. He leaned a fraction sideways, to hiss into the ear of Brett, who sat bolt upright, legs crossed beneath him, on the cushions to his right—looking every inch an aristocrat as the Akhond's Chamberlain chanted the long list of titles.

". . . and his friends Lord Sinclair and Mister Daniel Wilde, the Akhond creates Barons of Siwanar . . . Honorary Princes of the Blood . . . Lords of the Silken Banner . . ."

"Hey! Brett . . ." Danny's voice was pleading: "Ain't there any way we can get outa this—you know emeralds give me hay-fever!"

TV CROSSWORD



Across

2. Harry Rule, or the Contessa, but not both.
6. It could be elastic, or collection of musicians.
8. Everyone.
9. The Deep —— are a group. It's a colour too.
11. There's plenty of this on tv. Saturday afternoon?
12. Once —— a time. The way many stories begin.
14. —— Smith and Jones. A western.
15. Two of these and you'll meet Barlow and John Watt.
17. —— of the Century. A tv quiz game.
20. A series about sailing ships.
21. The first name of an 'On the buses' star.
24/26. Shado's lunar H.Q.
25. Many TV heroes and heroines get into these.
28. If Maigret said no.
29. Famous street on ITV.
32. What you should aim for with Norman Vaughan.
34. Ed Straker's other name.
36. He goes by the rule.
37. In University Challenge. to —— a bonus, means another question.
38. If a programme is repeated, it means you'll be able to see it ——.
39. Many a villain does this when he finds 2 across are after him.
40. A micro ——.
41. Popeye gets his spinach in them.
42. He comes from a U.S. state. He's also a western.

Down

1. 10 down might go a few with a wrestler.
3. Thunderbird —— is the fastest I.R. craft.
4. He's in charge of 'Dad's Army'.
5. Cannon is after looking for one of these annuals. A human one.
6. 'Call my ——' is a tv quiz programme.
7. He's a Wilde man.
10. Jackie —— is a star when it comes to holds and throws.
13. Many people in trouble have been —— of Ironside's help.
15. Harry Secombe does this rather well.
16. Two sailors, or the part Peggy Mount plays rather well.
18. You always know when the film's over, when you see this.
19. The Contessa's house is a —— villa.
22. Hughie or Dixon's Dock.
23. 'Top of the Pops' is famous for these.
25. In 'Z Cars' they often make a this.
27. Mutley is a funny kind of this.
30. Graham Kerr might cook this on TV.
31. The end for a baddy in a western.
33. He travels around in a police box. But he isn't a p.c.
34. His Lordship might persuade you.
35. 42 across might need these to round up his herd.
38. A midland television company.
39. When chasing a crook down a snowy mountain it might help.

Answers

ACROSS: 2. Protector, 6. Band, 8. All, 9. Purple, 11. Sport, 12. Upon, 14. Alias, 15. Softly, 17. Sale, 20. Onedin Line, 21. Reg, 24. Moon, 25. Scrapes, 26. Base, 28. Non, 29. Coronation, 32. Gold, 34. Bishop, 36. Harry, 37. Earn, 38. Again, 39. Sweats, 40. Dot, 41. Tins, 42. Virginian.

DOWN: 1. Rounder, 3. One, 4. Captain Mainwaring, 5. Rat, 6. Bluff, 7. Danny, 10. Pallo, 13. Glad, 15. Sings, 16. Tartar, 18. End, 19. Roman, 22. Green, 23. Sounds, 25. Swoop, 27. Dog, 30. Tart, 31. Noose, 33. Doctor, 34. Brett, 35. Hands, 38. ATV, 39. Ski.

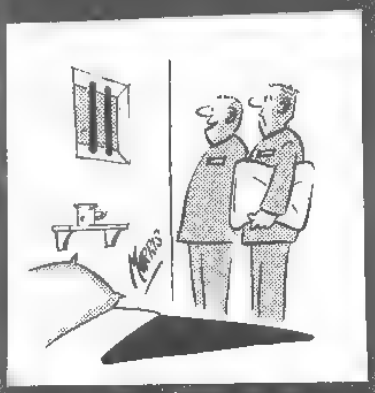
THE PROTECTORS
Danger, fast action and romantic adventure link Harry Rule and the Contesse as they fight crime through Europe's most glittering capitals. The Protectors are pledged to protect those in peril and, with the aid of the world's best detectives, they cut through frontiers and red tape to achieve their aims. . .
TONY ANHOLT

NYREE DAWN PORTER

ROBERT VAUGHN

YASUKO NAGAMUMI

Laugh-a-mo'...



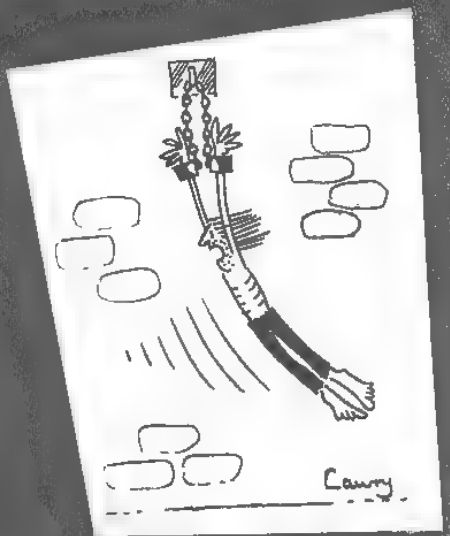
On a clear day you can see the machine-gun tower.

Let's try again shall we?

You are now in injury time, gentlemen.

He wants to see our immigration papers.

Where's the power point, man?



Tick, Tock, Tick . . .

Come on, let me take one more action shot of you lying on the floor.

THE PROTECTORS

The HUNTER

A PRIVATE ORGANISATION, MADE UP OF THE WORLD'S BEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES, THE PROTECTORS, CAN BREAK THROUGH THE LEGAL RED TAPE AND INTERNATIONAL FRONTIERS THAT HAMPER THE AUTHORITIES. THESE IMPORTANT FACTS ARE ABOUT TO BE DEMONSTRATED ON A COLD NOVEMBER NIGHT IN A SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN...

THAT'S THE HOUSE... WITH THE GUARDS!

THEY'RE TAKING NO CHANCES, ARE THEY? LOOKS AS THOUGH OUR INFORMATION WAS CORRECT! PROFESSOR HOLSTEIN'S WIFE IS BEING INTIMIDATED!

HARRY RULE AND PAUL BUCHET MOVE IN ON THE DIMLY LIT HOUSE.

IT'S NOW OR NEVER, PAUL... THE GUARDS ARE FEELING THE COLD!

O.K., HARRY... GIVE THE WORD! THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!

THE WORD IS GIVEN ..

THE TWO-MAN ASSAULT PARTY CRUSHES ALL OPPOSITION

HIMMEL!

LEAVE THIS TO ME, PAUL. TAKE FRAU HOLSTEIN!

A BONE-SHATTERING BLOW FELLS THE SECRET POLICE CHIEF.

GUNS ARE DANGEROUS THINGS TO WAVE ABOUT!

THE PROTECTORS RETREAT IN GOOD ORDER..

COME, MADAME, YOU WILL SOON BE SAFE!

© 1973 TC Ltd.

THE FURIOUS POLICE CHIEF OFFERS A LAST TOKEN RESISTANCE...

STOP THEM! ALERT THE LINE STATIONS ... THEY'LL BE HEADING FOR THE FRONTIER!

HARRY RULE FLATTENS THE ACCELERATOR OF THE STOLEN CAR...

THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US AT THE BORDER!

I KNOW! WE'D BETTER START PRAYING THAT CAROLINE IS DOING HER PART!

HARRY TURNS FROM THE MAIN AUTOBAHN...

AND SOON...

HERE SHE COMES!

HURRY, FRAU HOLSTEIN... WE'RE ONLY SECONDS AHEAD OF DANGER!

WHAT ABOUT AIRCRAFT INTERCEPTION?

RELAX, PAUL... WE'LL BE OVER FRIENDLY TERRITORY IN A FEW MINUTES!

NATO OBSERVER PLANES PATROL THIS AREA PRETTY REGULARLY, THEY WON'T CHANCE AN INCIDENT!

THE CONTESSA DI CONTINI IS RIGHT, AND BEFORE LONG THE PROTECTORS ARRIVE WITH FRAU HOLSTEIN AT THE CONTESSA'S ROMAN VILLA...

NADIA! YOU'RE SAFE! THIS IS WONDERFUL!

FRANZ!

GO AHEAD, MADAME HOLSTEIN... YOUR ORDEAL IS OVER!

THE FOREIGN OFFICE IN LONDON DOESN'T PAY A LOT FOR THESE JOBS, BUT THERE ARE OTHER REWARDS!

WITH HIS WIFE SAFE PERHAPS THE ELECTRONIC WIZARD CAN CONCENTRATE ON GIVING US THOSE SECRETS OF HIS...

THEY CAN'T TOUCH US NOW! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU ALL?

JUST USE YOUR EFFORTS IN FUTURE TO RESTORE THE BALANCE OF POWER, PROFESSOR!

TWO MONTHS LATER, ANOTHER FUGITIVE FLEES WEST. THIS MAN HAS ONLY HIS OWN WITS TO HELP HIM...
THERE HE GOES! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

THE ICE-COLD WATERS OF THE BROAD RIVER ARE HIS ONLY PATH...

BUT THE IRON WILL TO SURVIVE SPURS THE ESCAPER FORWARD...
I CAN'T MAKE IT... IT'S TOO WIDE... THEY'LL HIT ME!

AT LAST ..SANCTUARY! BUT TO THIS MAN, THE WESTERN POLICE ARE EQUALLY UNWELCOME..
IT IS A LONG WAY... I MUST KEEP GOING. I MUST!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE CONTESSA RECEIVES A VISITOR...
THE CONTESSA DI CONTINI... I MUST SEE HER! IT IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

CAROLINE'S CHAUFFEUR-BODYGUARD, CHINO, IS SUSPICIOUS... UNTIL HIS EMPLOYER APPEARS...
THE POOR MAN! BRING HIM IN, CHINO... HE LOOKS HALF DEAD!

THE STRANGER TELLS HIS TALE...
I HAVE DEFECTED, MADAME .. YOU MUST HELP ME. I WISH FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM... PROTECTION!
BUT WHY COME TO ME? THE GOVERNMENT DEAL WITH SUCH MATTERS!

NO, CONTESSA .. THEY MIGHT HAND ME BACK. YOU ARE THE ONE TO HELP ME .. YOU HELPED MY CHIEF!

PROFESSOR HOLSTEIN... HE KNOWS ME. I WORKED WITH HIM ON HIS RESEARCH PROGRAMME!

ASK THE PROFESSOR! HE'LL TELL YOU I SPEAK THE TRUTH. MY NAME IS RUDOWSKI!
LEAVING CHINO TO GUARD RUDOWSKI, CAROLINE CONTACTS HARRY RULE
WE KNOW HE HAD A MAN WORKING WITH HIM ON THE PROJECT... AND HIS NAME WAS RUDOWSKI!
YES.. HE COULD HELP TO ACCELERATE THE PROFESSOR'S THOUGHT PROCESSES. BUT THINK OF THE DANGERS, CAROLINE. IF HE'S A HOAXER, OUR FACES COULD BE REDDER THAN BEETROOT!
YOU'RE RIGHT... THE AUTHORITIES JUST ABOUT TOLERATE THE PROTECTORS. THEY'D LOVE TO SLAP US DOWN. WHAT'S THE ANSWER THEN, HARRY?
I'LL TALK TO PROFESSOR HOLSTEIN. I'LL PERSUADE HIM TO MEET YOUR VISITOR AND IDENTIFY HIM!
BUT WE CAN'T RISK THOSE TWO COMING FACE TO FACE – YET... YOUR MAN COULD BE AN ASSASSIN!
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
VIENNA... IT'S NEAR ENOUGH TO THE BORDER. IF THIS GUY IS LYING WE CAN SLING HIM BACK INTO THE EASTERN BLOC AT BRATISLAVA!
A PAVEMENT CAFE IS CHOSEN AS THE RENDEZVOUS..
THERE YOU ARE, PROFESSOR.. THE MAN AT THE CORNER TABLE WITH THE CONTESSA!
YES...! KNOW HIM... PLEASE EXCUSE ME...
BEFORE HARRY COULD REACT...
YOU INHUMAN SWINE! I'M GOING TO REPAY YOU FOR ALL THE MISERY YOU'VE CAUSED!
NOT SO FAST, PROFESSOR... I WOULD HATE TO SPOIL SUCH A LOVELY HEAD!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN A DOG LIKE YOU WOULD DO SUCH A COWARDLY THING!

TRY TO WORK ROUND BEHIND HIM, PAUL.. I'LL GO THE OTHER WAY. BUT BE CAREFUL .. OR CAROLINE'S DEAD!
MOVE TO YOUR CAR, CONTESSA ... YOU ARE GOING TO DRIVE ME HOME... WITH MY FINE CATCH!
Café Strauss
NOW, PAUL...
AAAAH!
BUT THE AGENT IS AS SWIFT AS A PANTHER...
YOUR FRIENDS ARE FOOLS, CONTESSA!
ARE YOU OKAY, PAUL!
OUR ONLY HOPE NOW IS CHINO!
BUT CHINO, TOO, HAS BEEN DEALT WITH...
SEE TO HIM, PAUL. I'M GOING AFTER THEM!
BUT HOW? YOU'LL HAVE NO TRANSPORT!
I THINK I'VE JUST FOUND THE ANSWER!
SORRY, PAL... BUT I NEED YOUR WHEELS!
UGH!
SHORTLY...
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE IF I'M GOING TO CATCH THEM!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTESSA'S CAR...
FASTER, MY DEAR... I DON'T SUPPOSE YOUR FRIENDS WILL SIMPLY LET ME GO... WE NEED TO WIDEN THE GAP!
WHO ARE YOU?
TELL HER, PROFESSOR... LET THE CONTESSA KNOW WHO SHE'S DEALING WITH!
HIS NAME IS ZUTLER. HE'S THE LOCAL SECRET POLICE CHIEF!
ALMOST CORRECT, PROFESSOR. JUST ONE MINOR ERROR. I AM NO LONGER IN COMMAND. AFTER YOU BETRAYED YOUR COUNTRY I WAS BLAMED.
WHEN YOUR FRIENDS SNATCHED FRAU HOLSTEIN, I WAS STRIPPED OF MY RANK AND MADE TO DIG DITCHES!
AND YOU THINK THIS MISSION WILL RESTORE YOUR POSITION?
I AM SURE OF IT.. AND EXTERMINATING YOU WILL ADD TO MY ACHIEVEMENT!
BUT HARRY RULE HAS NARROWED THE GAP... AND PICKED UP SOME PURSUERS OF HIS OWN..
I GUESS THE AUSTRIAN FUZZ DON'T LIKE ME BORROWING THEIR BIKE! I'M GOING TO NEED THEM SOON!
BUT NOT JUST YET, FELLERS!
THIS HAD BETTER WORK... OR EVERYTHING'S LOST!
AT THE BROW OF THE HILL..

THE FLYING MOTOR CYCLE BECOMES A MISSILE, AND...
LOOK OUT!
WHAT THE...?
CAROLINE IS QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE...
QUICK, PROFESSOR... RUN!
DESPERATELY ZUTLER FINDS HIS FALLEN GUN AND SELECTS HIS VICTIM...
AT LEAST THE TRAITOR WILL DIE!
BUT THEN...
OH, NO YOU DON'T, BROTHER!
THAT'S FOR PAUL AND CHINO!
THE AUSTRIAN POLICE ARE VERY CONFUSED...
...SO YOU SEE, HE IS AN ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT AND ALSO A SPY!
GUESS YOUR BOSSES WERE RIGHT, ZUTLER. YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO DIGGING HOLES RATHER THAN TANGLE WITH THE PROTECTORS!
DESPITE CAROLINE'S POWERS OF PERSUASION, HARRY'S CRIMES AGAINST THE POLICE MUST BE ANSWERED...
WHAT WILL THEY DO TO YOU?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, PROFESSOR. THE AUSTRIANS' OWE ME A FEW FAVOURS!
AT LEAST WE GOT HIM AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!

Flying Cranes

THE helicopter is the universal workhorse of the air. It is used for every kind of task: as an aerial crane in industry, as transport for passengers and freight, as a sky platform for cameramen, as a flying fire-engine, and of course as an essential means of rescue.

The drilling rigs at sea would find it difficult to function without the helicopters which constantly service them in all weathers. Helicopters have even been called in to act as tugs and tow disabled ships to port.

Helicopters are widely used as skycranes, and some have been specifically designed for this role. Depending on their size and power, workaday helicopters can lift loads weighing from one ton to 20 tons. Only a few giant choppers can lift more than this.

The Russian Mi-12 is the world's largest helicopter which set an international record in August 1969 by lifting 39.5 tons to a height of 7,398 feet. The Mi-12 is a development of the Mi-10 series of heavy crane-type helicopters that straddle containers, coaches, and prefabricated buildings and lifts them between the four long legs of its special undercarriage.

The Americans have a similar type of machine in the Sikorsky Skycrane S-64 (U.S. Army designation CH-54) in which the cargo pod fits into a "gap" under the skeletal fuselage. When it isn't carrying a load the Skycrane looks oddly incomplete. Various types of this helicopter can carry loads from 10 to 18 tons.

The Sikorsky Skycrane is used in the States for all kinds of jobs. In some big cities it is used to beat the traffic jams and speed passengers to and from airports by the Skylounge system.

The Skylounge is a bus-type vehicle that picks up airline passengers at various points and takes them to a central helicopter terminal, where the Skycrane lifts up the passenger part of the vehicle, leaving the driver's cab, engine, chassis and wheels on the ground. The helicopter then whisks the Skylounge directly to the airport.

- *Top left: A Hiller E4 Helicopter being used in a pipe-laying project.*
- *Bottom left: A Sikorsky helicopter transporting the XB-1 Sky-lounge.*

The Sikorsky Skycrane is also being used in a new system to speed up delivery of cargo from containership to shore. The ship anchors offshore from an inland receiving point. The cargo is then off-loaded by the helicopters which pick up the containerised cargo from the deck of the ship and fly it to its terminal destination. This type of air lift eliminates the need for extensive docking facilities and port handling staff, as well as saving a great deal of time.

When it comes to lifting heavy loads, two lifting rotor blades are better than one. Three and even four lifting rotors are now being considered by the Boeing company in designs for a new heavy-lift helicopter capable of

A Wessex 60 at work.

raising up to 50 tons. A multi-rotor helicopter has a better performance in adverse winds as well as more clearance between rotor blades and the ground and between rotor blades and the fuselage.

On multi-rotor helicopters all engine power goes into producing lift. Single rotor helicopters use a non-lifting tail propeller to prevent the helicopter body from twisting around under its whirling rotor blades. Helicopters may eventually get very big indeed.

"I don't see any obstacles to prevent their growth," said the director of engineering for Boeing's Heavy Lift Helicopter System. "If we want to build a helicopter as large as a 747 Jumbo Jet there will be plenty of work for it to do."

In Britain the Wessex 60 is a popular commercial skycrane which is used for all types of industrial tasks. For example, recently the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Company was faced with a problem at its Wolverhampton factory. Two condenser units, weighing a total of two tons, had to be placed on top of a building in the centre of a wide factory roof area which was not easily accessible by conventional crane. So a Wessex 60 of Bristow Helicopters was called in.

When the job was done a Goodyear Company spokesman said: "Using a helicopter was the simplest, quickest, and most efficient way to install the units."

Speed of operation is one of the great virtues of the flying crane. A conventional crane has to be set up and dismantled, which takes some time. A helicopter flies directly to the site and starts work immediately. On another recent job a helicopter carried 47 tons of steel sheets across the River Thames to replace gas flue ducts on the towering chimneys of Fulham Power Station, saving almost a week on the project.

One of the strangest cargoes airlifted by helicopter was a three-ton bull elephant. It happened a few years back in South Vietnam. The elephant was required to haul timber to a saw mill in an isolated village. The American military could not send the elephant by road because of enemy activity.

It was suggested that the elephant might be dropped by parachute, but they could not find parachutes big enough. Finally it was decided to air-lift the huge beast by helicopter, if it could be kept under control.

The elephant was made docile with a powerful tranquilliser, blindfolded and put in a special nylon net strong enough to hold his three tons. He was then slung under the fuselage of a twin rotor Boeing-Vertol Chinook and was soon flying over the treetops.

The 350-mile journey was made without mishap. A few minutes after "Dumbo" landed, a sharp slap on his backside brought him bellowing to his feet, none the worse for his most unusual flying experience.

Westland Wessex of the Royal Navy transporting a Landrover.

TV ACTION
5p
MISSION IMPOSSIBLE
STARTS TODAY!
DR. WHO
THE UGRAKKS—Part Ten
The Doctor and Professor Lammers seem doomed to entombment on the nightmare Ugrakk planet. Deep underground, the fugitives find the base of the Ugrakks' fungus city and plan its destruction. But discovery prompts a desperate move—detonation of the cavern's explosive nitrate deposits!
SUDDENLY...
AS THE SMOKE CLEARS...
SOON...
GREAT PRINCE OF DARKNESS FEAR TO US THAT WE MAY SEE YOU!
AN HOUR LATER, THE CRUSADERS REACH SOT'S VILLA...
WE CAN'T TAKE ALL THE GOLD, FEATHER MAY STILL BE SOME!
TV ACTION
Follow all television's top ACTION adventures every week. Dr Who, The Persuaders, The Protectors, Mission Impossible, Cannon and Hawaii Five-O are just a few of the many stories in each 24-page issue. Plus other interesting features. Every Monday. Price 5p.
See next week's story!
7
19